



THE BARDIAN

Official publication of the students
of Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson

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LOOKING AROUND...

It's taking quite a time to get the Bardian through the presses right now, and consequently regular news stories of campus affairs would be dead by the time they were published. However, it seems worthwhile to have a few notes on the activities of present and recent members of the community. **** Dr. Gray is now head of the English Department at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, N. Y. **** An intensive study of the communal settlements in Palestine will be undertaken by Mrs. Eva Hofberg, Instructor of Sociology, who was recently granted a one year Research Fellowship by the Social Science Council in New York City. She will give special attention to the study of personality problems that have developed in children who were born in these communes. This is the first time that such a study has been undertaken. She is planning to sail for the Near East early next fall. **** Under the leadership of Ed Grandin, '37, and Mr. Edgar Honey, director of Bard's Fund Raising Drive, the Bard-St. Stephen's Alumni Association has been encouragingly revitalized. From headquarters in the Roger Williams Hotel in New York City, reunion dinners, fund raising projects and area chapters are being organized in various cities.****

Dr. Felix Hirsch defended Pastor Niemoller's recent visit to this country in the February 22nd issue of "The Friends Intelligencer". He also wrote an article titled "The German Balance Sheet" in the March issue of "Current History", some timely reflections written on the eve of the Big Four Conference in Moscow. **** Paul Morrison, Assistant Professor of Drama, designed the sets for two recent Broadway productions "What Every Woman Knows" and "John Gabriel Borkman". **** Kenneth and Suzanne MacArthur are now in Sweden where Ken is studying at the University of Stockholm, under the G.I. Bill. **** The late John A. Hance, New York Broker and former trustee of the College recently left \$10,000 to the College. Incidentally, he was an orphan at four, had to forego an education to support himself as a runner for a wall street firm at the age of 15, and worked himself up to a seat on the Stock Exchange.

---Chris Magee

Friday, April 28

Dear Fred,

I promised you a letter for publication, and here it is. Knowing that you would faithfully print every word I write, I will omit certain incidents such as a mesalliance at midnight in a certain Bar on the Champs Elseses (addy) and a very vulgar remark made at the top of her lungs by a girl of the post-debutante age in the Place Pigalle (on the occasion of having noticed my mustache). Ruel can, and probably has, defamed my fairly clean reputation from Tivoli to Barrytown Station, so you know all about it anyway. Instead I will try my damndest to convince you to come over here this summer. And, in turn, anyone who will read this letter!

First, a word about the University of Neuchatel, where I am now enrolled: it has no football team, no college songs and no campus, but the lack of those basic necessities don't seem to hamper it's academic life (I tell you, they're queer as bedbugs over here). We all gather every afternoon at Hemmler's, roughly equivalent to the Bard Store, the main differences being

(continued on page 9)

THE BARDIAN

THE TICKET

"And remember, it's important. Don't waste time! Just get it and come back."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Borris," he said. He went to the tool shed, replaced his rake in the stand provided for it, and started for the road.

His feet plunged, as they always did, dropping before him in just enough time to support his body from falling. His feet were carrying him in the direction of the train station because Mr. Borris had given him instructions to purchase a ticket to Albany. He enjoyed the idea of being asked to buy the ticket, because then he wouldn't have to finish raking till the afternoon. Of all his tasks as gardener of the Borris estate, he liked raking leaves the least. Working the sprinklers was fun, because each of the knobs that he would turn with the long steel handle, would immediately immerse a different section of the grounds in a furious spray of water. It fascinated him. It looked as if it were raining from the ground up. But raking, that was no fun at all. He felt warm. He removed the large bandanna which was tied around his neck, and mopped his upper shoulders and

forehead. A black dog, its nose low and parallel to the ground approached. It moved close and rubbed its side against his trousers. He stopped, stuffed the bandanna into his breast pocket, and watched the animal, afraid. The dog pushed its nose under his pant leg and licked at his ankle. Its cold nose rubbed against his skin. It tickled and felt warm simultaneously. "Funny dog, friendly dog," he thought. He bent over and watched the animal. "What do you want, doggy?" The dog fiercely wagged its tail. "What do you want, doggy?" He put out his thick hand. The dog licked it. He began to tremble with love for the dog. He picked the animal up and looked at its face, then abruptly dropped it. "Got to get that ticket. Can't waste any time." He resolutely shuffled on. The intense fear that he might have forgotten his mission prevented him from speaking to Eli, the Cartwright's gardener. As he passed the low outside hedges of the Cartwright estate, he merely nodded a slight greeting to his acquaintance. "Eli isn't no good anyhow. Never says anything, at least not to me he don't. Eli isn't no good, just like Mr. Borris. He isn't no good either. Don't never have a good word for you, just orders

THE TICKET (continued)

and work. Wish, he was, though, but he ain't. No one's really nice I guess." Suddenly he was sad. He looked for the dog which was no longer in sight.

The Scarsdale station was empty except for an unkempt railroad worker sprawled quietly on a bench in one corner. With a flurry, two young mothers, followed by their six-year-old sons, entered. A black mongrel, its nose low and parallel to the floor paced silently in after them and lay down, resting its head between two outstretched front paws. Later, a man with dirty, ripped blue jeans, grass stained at the knees, came in. He trudged across the room, his body aimed at the ticket window. "One ticket to Albany," he said, holding out a fistful of coins. As the ticket man counted the change, the gardener turned around to look at the waiting room. "Big size waiting room," he meditated. One of the small boys seated in the station noticed the black dog. He got up and walked over to where the animal was quietly sitting. Squatting in his haunches in front of the dog he said, "Good ole boy. You're a good ole boy aren't you Blacky?"

At this point the gardener also caught sight of the black dog. He wanted to go to it and pet it, but seeing the boy there, decided that it was best to stay away. "Every time I mix with people, something happens. Better

for me to stay away. Pretty black dog. Friendly too," he thought. The boy, playing timidly with the animal, began to pet the back of its head and ears. It started to whine, as dogs do, when they want to cry, by gritting their teeth and making a sobbing, pulling sound with their throats.

Suddenly, the dog cut the quiet of the suburban train station with a shrill, hard yelp of pain, which petrified the boy, roused the dozing trainman, and indicated to the child's mother that "Marshall was up to something again." The gardener, certain that the boy had been trying to torment the dog, momentarily forgot his responsibility to Mr. Borriess and lunged forward, roughly pushing the boy aside. The mother became hysterical and screamed, "Oh my God, Marshall, come here." The child, scared and crying, fled to his mother, "Get that moron out of here," she barked. The trainman, his dormant sense of chivalry aroused, took the gardener, who was silently staring at the black dog, and jostled him out the door. The gardener's exit was too hasty. He tripped over his unsynchronized feet and fell, bewildered and frightened.

Inside, the ticket man chuckled, "The dope forgot his ticket."

"Train to Poughkeepsie arriving on track three!" repeat-

THE TICKET (continued)

ed twice over the loud speaker. The two mothers, accompanied by their sons, rose and promenaded out the exit at the far end of the station. The black dog, unseen, slid swiftly out the door just before it swung closed.

Outside, on the cement platform, the dog sniffed the air and with nose low, rounded the outside of the station. As if passed the back of the station, it noticed the man with the grass stained pants seated on an empty packing box, rubbing a bruise on his knee. It ambled over to the man and rubbed its body against his leg. The gardener looked long at the dog, then rubbed his knee again. "He tried to hurt you, dog. He tried to hurt you, didn't he? I know..."

The dog licked the scratch with its tongue. This felt good. He grabbed the dog up in his hands and kissed him. Tears came to his eyes as it licked his face with its warm, smooth tongue. He felt its warm fur and the lumps in its side where ribs stuck out. He pressed the animal close to him, shaking with emotion. "They tried to hurt you, Pal, I

know, but I stopped 'em, cause I like you, Pal, and you like me, don't you, Pal, you like me too, don't you." The gardener placed the dog on the ground and patted its head, which rested, nuzzled between his knees.

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through his finger. He looked down and saw that a large burr, caught in the dog's ear had caused him the pain. He sucked his finger. Then, realizing that the burr didn't belong in the dog's ear, he removed it and threw it on the ground. A gust of wind stirred some leaves on the ground. Fear burst inside the gardener as he remembered his raking tasks. He stood up quickly and plunged up the suburban street in the direction of the Borriss' estate. The black dog, startled by his friend's abrupt departure, opened its mouth wide and yawned, swiftly snapping its jaw shut. It then licked the outside of its mouth and lay down, its head resting between two outstretched front paws.....

----Richard M. Sherman



A SONG TO ORPHEUS

Prelude

Amidst these pale surroundings there comes
but once a being, whose short existence
Is eternal in a world, where artist-hands unfurl
When Orpheus weaves his ageless spine and melts
His ceasing mind sublime, into a land
Where autumn dines, where summer seeds
And winter vines elope with death
And thus come blind to what exists in poet's rhyme.

Spring

Along an aging sea where winter-beings bleed,
Where April colors spread their yearning seeds,
A star arose, as breathless as,
The first-appearing crocus, blessed
To sing, while nature smothers all
That roams with western winter winds;
And there, encircled thus, and veiled by
An emerald spectrum comes to lie
Beside the womb that bore you,
O Orpheus, it is not winter that adorns you
But it is autumn, eternal spring
That will commence with you to sing
Across this planet's winding scale;
Whose gravity reveals your tale.

When late at night a morning fell to be
And jewelled dust began to play
With moonlit spaces on the sea,
There rose a being out of ocean's stones
That like a morning star appeared
Windblown unto a time of day,
When autumn meets the other May
And beats caressing songs in June
While spring is feared to die
Amidst this Orpheus' bloom.

Interlude

When summer dawns recapture silent mornings
Close to spring, the love that may have been
A song, will paint once more

A SONG TO ORPHEUS (continued)

The oily marble he had worn; this binding wave
Yet faded into a common grave
When pregnant summer gave a fond farewell.
Orpheus, the alien robe that you now wear
The frozen body that you bear
Through summer's thickness, rejuvenates
While autumn's fate relates in time
The sun-bred forces that must die
If you should rise again to sing
Once when relieved from summer's frozen wing.

Autumn

When morning meets with evening
And liquid beads come bleeding unto green-woven leaves
That lie 'twixt summer seeds and winter-beaten crusts,
The star, that bore this Orpheus thus, feeds summer shades
With autumn's lust, to enter then, into this bleeding breast
Where all his jewels lie stale caressed
Upon a sun-dipped leaf, so red, so stained
By wilted blood, that fled with burning eyes
Into this Orpheus' paradise.

At dawn you came.....
The sun had mingled with your moon
And morning rose as solemn as some Gypsy's tune;
The tearless foaming of your blood splashed
Silver streaks against our purple throats
And wove the yellow memory of summer's melting melody
Into the ripeness of a crystal.

Winter

Gone, as other autumns, other springs shall go,
The blood-stained tears of Orpheus leave
To bless no more the first appearance
Of emerald branches, autumn violets.
The silver cord, the thread that bound
An August field unto this winter morning
Has wound the pale existence of his song
Against the parting shadow of an evening.
Yet when this winter-whiteness leaves
And Orpheus rises once again
To breathe the earth-bound matter of his star
Eternal tones will heal the scar
That froze the rhythm of shades.

CHARLOTTE HAHN



Photograph of the set for "LORD BYRON'S LOVE LETTER"

by Robert Sagalyn

(Continued from page 2)

that you can always get what you desire and they aren't trying to support the University by including a cover charge on your bill. It would be impossible to include a listing of the courses at the U., but here is my personal lineup for next term (it begins April 15; vacation time is now in session) as I think I will take them: Russian, Polish, Greek and German for beginners, and a brushup course in Spanish. If possible I am going to squeeze in Italian. There is a Foreign Students Club here, and I was recently elected M. le Vice-President. It's official language is French, but I am learning French at a great rate and will soon be able to compete with any other old Upper-Annandale citizen who cares to parler a mot or two.

As to expenses, without going into detail, the University is very cheap, and a Pension (room and board) costs anywhere from 50 to 75 dollars a month. Naturally, the G. I. Bill applies over here, and with the connivance of the Secretary of the U, there's an amazing amount of supplies that can be construed as coming under the 500 a year (needless to say, only a small amount, roughly 100 dollars, is eaten up by actual tuition costs). As to expenses, I might mention a few prices at random: shoes, very high, starting at 20 dollars, Johnny Walker Black (and they have all I want) 5 dollars a fifth, a cup of cafe-creme (as distinct from cafe au lait or cafe-complet) 13 cents, watches as low as 3 dollars and possibly (for the finest in gold) as high as 100 dollars; in general, everything is much cheaper over here, and one can live on a hell of a lesser amount of money. In passing, I might mention that they play poker over here. Americans, especially in Neuchatel

where there are only 10, are looked up to by everybody, including people who should know better, such as the English, and nearly every Swiss I have met wants to go to America. I should say a few words about the national pastime of skiing, but I am thoroughly soured on the subject, as you have probably heard from some of the other students at Bard. The doctor tells me I can walk in another five days, to a limited amount.

I get the European Editions of Time, Life, Newsweek and the New York Herald Tribune every week, and the Armed Forces Radio Stations puts out some of the best stuff broadcast in Europe. The rages right now are "Hey-Bop-A-Re-Bop" and "Geev Me Pife Minutes More", and there is more jitterbugging and really decent jazz over here than any other type of music and dancing. Which takes care of the Wine and Song setup, and I refuse to include anything about the women, and besides, who the Hell could make progress with Lena the Hyena with a thousand-pound hunk of plaster of paris cuddled around their right leg and anyway, I'm over here to study.

I guess that sums up things and stuff pretty well. I'm looking forward to seeing you this summer, or has your mercurial mind suddenly done an about-face (The New Yorker will pay you five dollars for that last sentence.) Any questions?

Yours for bigger and better
"Nothing Bard" and "Bardian"
Editorials,

-----Bob Gilman

CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF THE FOOD PROBLEM AT BARD

(NOTE: Recently, a member of the community who desires to remain anonymous, commissioned at his own expense the well known culinary authority, Duncan Hines to study the situation here and write a report based on his investigation. Here is the result).

The first thing that struck me as being unwholesome was the fact that so few people took advantage of the opportunity to take their breakfast at the Dining Commons. This portends dangerous things. If the community is not united at the start of the day, there is likely to be a great deal of friction throughout its remainder.

The midday meal as handled at Bard presents no occasion for adverse criticism. It is only at Dinner that the bigoted Provincialism of the Planning Heads is revealed. It is indeed sad to see a group of secular people such as are to be found at Bard sitting down to Dinner without their being any wine on the table. The fact that the student does not rise up against this tyranny should not be interpreted to mean that he accepts it. It is his unconscious that is aware of it, and if the lamentable status quo is maintained I predict that the school will see everyone drowning himself in gin, scotch and rye, under the rationalizing guise of "Cocktails Before Dinner". You can't beat instinct, as Philip Wylie remarked a short time ago.

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(Continued from page 10)

There is nothing wrong with the food itself, food being what it is. However, there is a perverse quality in the approach to the problem of feeding guests. Under the present system, it is easy to understand how a visitor could feel that the College regards his character as dubious, and that when his sponsor signs the book brought around by the impeccable gentleman, he is merely indicating that he accepts the responsibility for any untoward act the visitor may commit between one meal and the next, when the process must be repeated. Instead of this malevolent-seeming procedure, the guest should be seated at a table in the center of the Commons and a microphone placed in front of him into which he can make comments about the food during the course of the meal. The Commons should be decorated with murals depicting the Roman eating orgies and Dixieland Jazz should be played throughout. And what is a college that has no French Table? If there is no waiter whose French is adequate to the situation, the Faculty members on the French Department should be pressed into service.

I would be very happy to see the aforementioned reforms take place at Bard. True, there would be a lot of gripes, but, as has oft been pointed out, griping indicates a healthy emotional state.

----Peter Monath

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